

Why We Will Fight #1

18 April 1998

By Mike Vanderboegh, 1ACR

Rick Blaine: "Don't you sometimes wonder if it's worth all this? I mean what you're fighting for?"

Victor Lazlo: "We might as well question why we breathe. If we stop breathing, we'll die. If we stop fighting our enemies, the world will die."

Rick: "What of it? Then it'll be out of its misery."

Lazlo: "Do you know how you sound, Monsieur Blaine? Like a man who's trying to convince himself of something he doesn't believe in his heart.....Each of us has a destiny. For good or evil."

Rick: "Yes, I get the point."

Lazlo: "I wonder if you do. I wonder if you know that you're trying to escape from yourself and that you'll never succeed."

Paul Henreid & Humphrey Bogart in a scene from "Casablanca", 1942.

"We always had governed ourselves and we always meant to."

Captain Levi Preston, Danvers, Massachusetts.

During World War Two, Hollywood joined the war effort by producing a series of documentary films entitled "Why We Fight", which illustrated for the troops and the folks back home on the assembly lines the principles and history of our country, the evils of fascism and Nazism and the threat that those evil regimes posed to our way of life.

Since the advent of the Clinton administration and the Waco massacre in 1993 (the fifth anniversary of that black day is tomorrow), liberty-loving Americans have been engaged in what amounts to a Cold War against that regime. The Administration has been doing everything in its power to disarm peaceable, law-abiding citizens, and the citizenry (true to their heritage and the law of unintended consequences) have been arming at an unprecedented and prodigious rate. Millions of so-called "assault rifles" and billions of rounds of ammunition to feed them have been imported into this country in the past five years. In addition, the military surplus market has skyrocketed, with hundreds of thousands of helmets, uniforms, gas masks and loadbearing equipment disappearing from the shelves of surplus stores and mail order outlets and into the closets of heretofore peaceable Americans.

The Administration has in the past year enunciated its firearms policy clearly in a series of letters from Ronnie Edelman (female DOJ attorney) and James Reynolds, head of the Terrorism and Violent Crimes Section of the Justice Department. The Clintonistas, through their factotums Edelman and Reynolds, have interpreted the Second Amendment to be a collective right only, protecting the states' rights to have National Guards. Of course, this directly contradicts much of the Perpich vs. U.S. D.O.D. decision as well as many other court decisions throughout the

centuries, but it has been amply demonstrated that the Clintonistas will ignore or break any law they find inconvenient.

In November, 1994, outraged gunowners upset by the infringements in the Brady Law and the Assault Weapons Ban helped throw the Democrats out of power in the House and Senate, installing a Republican majority that they hoped would reverse the Clinton anti-freedom agenda. (Clinton himself admitted the gun issue had cost his party control of Congress, and at the first Democratic congressional caucus after that election it is reported that one of the senior House members waved his finger under Charlie Schumer's nose and cried out, "Look, everybody. I want you to look at the SOB who cost us the House!")

Within six months (three years ago tomorrow), the terrorist bombing of the Oklahoma City Federal Building reversed the Republican momentum. In Clinton's own words "it broke the spell." The Republicans were put in disarray, the Waco and Ruby Ridge investigations were stymied from reaching all the facts, and the "Republican Revolution" began to look like a rout. The subsequent passing of the Terror Bill gave no doubt that the Republican leadership were different from the Democrats only in their insistence that the federal police state operate within a balanced budget, whereas the Democrats were willing to deficit spend to achieve the same result.

Of course, faithful readers of the John Doe Times will know that the OKC bombing was likely at best a federal sting gone bad, which was covered up by the very people the Republicans have been busy giving more and broader powers to. In other words, the Oklahoma City bombing may have been an American Reichstag fire. Whether Republican castration is a result of blackmail based on those 900+ FBI files will be for future historians to conclude, if the Clintonistas are defeated.

In any case, we have been sold out by the very people we counted on to achieve a political solution to our peril. But Americans are by their nature a practical people, and if the usual means of preserving our liberty will not suffice, then we will make our own arrangements. Some of our arrangements are in the closet, some are in the gunsafe, some are in the larder and some are buried on the back forty. So here we stand, waiting for the other shoe to drop, or another federal building to be blown up (or dusted with bio-chem war agents).

The Cold War continues. But lest the enemies of liberty and the Constitution in this administration conclude that we will not fight to defend our rights, we must enunciate now why we WILL fight. So they will know. So we will know. Why will we fight to keep the free exercise of our right to arms? That is what this series proposes to answer, in the tradition of "Why We Fight".

Attached you will find a news article from today's Kansas City Star that speaks across the generations. The men who fought at Lexington (the first fight in a war sparked by a gunraid, it should be remembered), would nod their heads in understanding. I offer it here as reason Number Two of "Why We Will Fight": that is, to prevent our own genocide. Reason Number One may be found in the words of a Lexington & Concord veteran:

From Paul Revere's Ride

by David Hackett Fischer:

Many years later Captain Levi Preston of Danvers was asked why he went to war that day. At the age of ninety-one, his memory of the Lexington alarm was crystal clear, and his understanding was very different from academic interpretations of this event. An historian asked him, "Captain Preston, what made you go to the Concord Fight?"

"What did I go for?" the old man replied, subtly rephrasing the historian's question to drain away its determinism.

The interviewer tried again. "...Were you oppressed by the Stamp Act?" he asked.

"I never saw any stamps," Preston answered, "and I always understood that none were ever sold."

"Well, what about the tea tax?"

"Tea tax, I never drank a drop of the stuff, the boys threw it all overboard."

"But I suppose you have been reading Harrington, Sydney and Locke about the eternal principle of liberty?"

"I never heard of these men. The only books we had were the Bible, the Catechism, Watts' psalms and hymns and the almanacs."

"Well, then, what was the matter?"

"Young man, what we meant in going for those Redcoats was this: we had always governed ourselves and we always meant to. They didn't mean we should."

Why We Will Fight #1

No. 1 Attachment 1

Published by The John Doe Times

18 April 1998

Kansas City Star
18 April 1998

Those who escaped Cambodia's genocidal horror still live in fear

By MARY SANCHEZ - Staff Writer
Date: 04/17/98 22:15

A man crouches on the wooden front porch of his Kansas City home, a loaded rifle cradled in his arms.

He watches the street carefully, from when the 10 o'clock news ends until about 2 a.m. If he is home during the day he glances warily out the window at each passing car.

"If someone kills my family here, I cannot live anymore," he said.

Four members of his family have already been killed, halfway around the world.

In his East Side neighborhood, there have been drive-by shootings. He said his sons had been threatened and harassed by members of a local Vietnamese gang.

He worries that their troubles may be tied to his native country, Cambodia.

The man is like many older Cambodian refugees living in the Kansas City area. He doesn't want his name or photograph in the newspaper. But he will tell his story.

He heard the news this week of the death of Pol Pot, the Khmer Rouge leader who led the genocidal killings and mass starvation that took the lives of an estimated 2 million Cambodians.

He saw Associated Press photos of Pol Pot's body lying on a cot. He knows that if Pol Pot, indeed, is dead, his long-awaited international trial for mass murder will never occur.

He knows his own machine-gun-aided escape through the jungles of Cambodia is 16 years in the past. And that he has lived safely in Kansas City with his wife and six children ever since.

But these facts cannot stop what at first may seem like paranoid fears of threats reaching around the globe from Cambodia to American streets; plots easily dismissed if one hasn't lived through war and mass murder.

But this man has.

"Who is really controlling my country now?" he asked.

Pol Pot lost his control of Cambodia in 1979 after a Vietnamese invasion. But it wasn't until two years ago that mass defections wiped out most of his forces.

Ty Bui, himself a Vietnamese refugee, is not surprised by the feelings of many Cambodians and their hesitancy to be identified in a newspaper.

"They still have relatives living in Cambodia or Vietnam," Bui said. "They are afraid the Pol Pot group will come back to do something to them in their country."

Bui is a refugee supervisor at the Don Bosco Center and helped many of the Cambodians resettle here.

There are 400 to 500 Cambodians living in Kansas City. Most arrived as refugees in the late '70s and mid-'80s. About half live in the Northeast area, Bui said.

Many of the Cambodians have begun to fulfill the American dream of an education, a home and a stable job. Children of refugees attend area colleges or earn top grades in elementary and high school.

But for some, often the adults who lived through the Khmer Rouge reign, a new country alone can not erase the imprint of the past.

Knowledge was death

Cambodia descended from war into genocide after Pol Pot gained power on April 17, 1975.

Anyone who had been in the military, who had been educated, who had dared to question authority was killed. Pol Pot wanted to create a Marxist agrarian utopia.

Silence and feigned ignorance became a mode of survival.

Before Pol Pot, the man who patrols his home at night had been a military instructor. He worked alongside U.S. forces who backed the Cambodian government that Pol Pot's Communists toppled.

After his home of Phnom Penh fell to the Khmer Rouge, the man destroyed all record of his military life. He pretended to be a humble taxi driver.

The same day Pol Pot took over, the man's second son was born.

But food quickly became scarce. His wife could not produce enough milk. The baby starved before its first birthday. The man's first son also starved to death in the next year. The man's sister died of disease later. There was little access to medicine. And his father had been killed in battles to keep Pol Pot from power.

"Two sons, my father, my sister," the man said. "That is enough."

Many others died in what became known at the "killing fields," lands that became slaughtering sites. It is said that even now, long after the bodies have been exhumed and buried, bone and clothing fragments easily can be found in the fields.

A 1984 movie, "The Killing Fields," brought the story to many Americans.

Cambodians here mentioned the murder of one of the film's stars in explaining their current fears.

Haing S. Ngor, a Cambodian refugee who won an Academy Award for his role in the film, was shot to death in 1996. Thursday, three Los Angeles gang members were convicted of killing Ngor in a robbery.

Some Cambodians, however, believe his death may not have been a random street crime. They blame Ngor's outspoken political activity against Pol Pot.

"They would kill me, and you too, for the things I say," said a Cambodian man who runs a Chinese restaurant.

"Maybe not today, but in a few years," he added. "You can still be killed for what you say."

While standing in the kitchen of the small East Side restaurant, the man calmly talked of his life.

He talked of Cambodia before Pol Pot came to power, when he was a college student, and of the 14-hour workdays he keeps now to support his nine children.

Then in an instant, he was nearly pleading, yelling.

"I am sick to hear it," he said of Pol Pot's death. "Do you understand? I am still sick."

Tears and anger were in his eyes.

"My brothers were killed," he said. "They beat them to death in the rice fields. They made my mother and father watch."

His wife, also a Cambodian refugee, left the front counter and stood by her husband.

She is a head taller than he. It is a family trait that became the death of her uncles. The family has French blood.

"Scchlick, scchlick," the woman said, pulling her index finger slowly across her neck as if it is a dull blade.

Her husband, who is more comfortable speaking English, explained.

"Her uncles, were tall, looked educated," he said. "They slit their throats."

The woman was 12 at the time, the second-oldest of nine.

She continued to pantomime.

Grabbing a bowl from the counter, she pressed it to her belly and begged as she remembered the voices of her brothers and sisters.

"Hunger, hunger," she said. "Food."

One by one, the children starved to death, her husband explained.

The man said the family was happy here, grateful the United States welcomed them.

But if he was a powerful man, he said, he would return to Cambodia.

"For every one of them I'd make a better life," he said. "Not that stupid no freedom at all."

Copyright © , 1998 The Kansas City Star



[Why We Will Fight](#) Index



[Email](#) to Author



[The XLData Net Home Page](#)

Clark Simmons, WebMaster

USA



[Email](#) to Webmaster

Copyright © , 1998, The John Doe Times
Created -- 4/23/98
Revised --